

Measure for Measure



William Shakespeare

in a version by
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Production

This version of *Measure for Measure* was first produced in Bristol by *Shakespeare at the Tobacco Factory* on the 8th February 2001.

Cast

Duke Vincentio	-	Peter Clifford
Escalus	-	Robert Pheby
Angelo	-	John Mackay
Angelo's Servant	-	Tom Rogers
Friar Thomas	-	Gyuri Sarossy
Lucio	-	Cameron Fitch
Froth <i>and</i> Barnadine	-	David Collins
Pompey	-	Chris Donnelly
Mistress Overdone	-	Carol Brannan
Claudio	-	Stuart Crossman
Provost	-	Jonathan Nibbs
Officer	-	Nicholas Wilkes
Isabella	-	Lucy Black
Nun <i>and</i> Juliet	-	Rebecca Smart
Mariana	-	Saskia Portway
Elbow <i>and</i> Abhorson	-	Paul Nicholson

Production

Director	-	Andrew Hilton
Set & Costume Designer	-	Andrea Montag
Lighting Designer	-	Paul Towson
Composer	-	John Telfer

Stage and Technical Management

Production Manager	-	Dan Danson
Stage Managers	-	Esther Last & Samantha Portlock
Technical Stage Manager	-	Mim Spencer

Part One

Scene 1 (Act1 Sc1/Sc3)

A Chamber in the Duke's Palace
Enter to the Duke, Escalus and Servant

Duke Escalus.

Escalus My lord.

Duke Of government the properties to unfold
would seem in me to waste both speech and discourse,
since I am put to know that your own science
exceeds in that the lists of all advice
my strength can give you. The nature of our people,
our city's institutions and the terms
for common justice y'are as pregnant in
as art and practice hath enriched any
that we remember. There is our commission,
from which we would not have you warp. Call hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo.

Exit Servant

What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know we have with special soul
elected him our absence to supply,
lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love
and given his deputation all the organs
of our own power. What think you of it?

Escalus If any in Vienna be of worth
to undergo such ample grace and honour
it is Lord Angelo.

Duke Look where he comes.

Enter Angelo

Angelo Always obedient to your grace's will
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke Angelo,
there is a kind of character in thy life
that to the observer doth thy history
fully unfold. Thyself and thy great virtues
are not thine own so proper
as to flourish unobserv'd. Heaven
doth with us as we with torches do,

not light them for themselves. For if our virtues
 go not forth of us 'twere all alike
 as if we had them not. But I do bend my speech
 to one that can my part in him advertise.
 Hold therefore, Angelo.
 In our remove be thou at full ourself.
 Mortality and mercy in Vienna
 live in thy tongue and heart. Old Escalus,
 though first in question, is thy secondary.
 Take thy commission.

Angelo Now, good my lord,
 let there be some more test made of my metal
 before so noble and so great a figure
 be stamp'd upon it.

Duke No more evasion.
 We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice
 proceeded to you. Therefore take your honours.
 Our haste from hence is of so quick condition
 that it prefers itself and leaves unquestion'd
 matters of needful value. We shall write to you
 how it goes with us and do look to know
 what doth befall you here. So, fare you well.
 To the hopeful execution do I leave you
 of your commissions.

Angelo Yet give leave, my lord,
 that we may bring you something on the way.

Duke My haste may not admit it.
 Angelo, your scope is as mine own,
 so to enforce or qualify the laws
 as to your soul seems good. Give me your hand.
 I'll privily away. I love the people
 but do not like to stage me to their eyes.
 Though it do well, I do not relish well
 their loud applause and 'Aves' vehement,
 nor do I think the man of safe discretion
 that does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Angelo The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escalus Lead forth and bring you back in happiness!

Duke I thank you. Fare you well.

Exit

Escalus I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
to have free speech with you.
A power I have, but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Angelo 'Tis so with me. Let us confer together
and we may soon our satisfaction have,
touching that point.

Escalus I'll wait upon your honour.

*They sit and open their
commissions*

Enter the Duke and Friar Thomas apart

Duke No, holy father, throw away that thought.
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee
to give me secret harbour hath a purpose
more grave and wrinkl'd than the aims and ends
of burning youth.

Friar May your grace speak of it?

Duke My holy sir, none better knows than you
how I have ever lov'd the life remov'd
and held in idle price to haunt assemblies
where youth and cost – witless bravery – keep.
I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo,
a man of stricture and firm abstinence,
my absolute power and place here in Vienna
and he supposes me travell'd to Poland,
for so I have strew'd it in the common ear
and so it is receiv'd. Now, pious sir,
you will demand of me why I do this?

Friar Gladly, my lord.

Duke We have strict statutes and most biting laws,
the needful bits and curbs to headstrong weeds,
which for this fourteen years we have let slip,
e'en like an o'ergrown lion in a cave
that goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
only to stick them in their children's sight
for terror, not to use, in time the rod
becomes more mock'd than fear'd. So our decrees,
dead to infliction, to themselves are dead

and liberty plucks justice by the nose,
the baby beats the nurse and quite athwart
goes all decorum.

Friar

It rested in your Grace
T'unloose this tied-up justice when you pleas'd,
and it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
than in Lord Angelo.

Duke

I do fear, too dreadful.
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope
'twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
for what I bid them do. For we bid this be done
when evil deeds have their permissive pass
and not their punishment. Therefore indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo impos'd the office
who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home
and yet my nature never in the fight
to do it slander. And to behold his sway
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
visit both prince and people. Therefore, I prithee,
supply me with the habit and instruct me
how I may formally in person bear me
like a true friar. More reasons for this action
at our more leisure shall I render you.
Only, this one: Lord Angelo is precise,
stands at a guard with envy, scarce confesses
that his blood flows, or that his appetite
is more to bread than stone. Hence shall we see,
if power change purpose, what our seemers be.

*Exit Duke and Friar
Angelo and Escalus rise*

Angelo

'Mortality and mercy in Vienna
live in my tongue and heart.'

Exeunt

Scene 2 (Act1 Sc2)

A Brothel. Early morning
Lucio and Froth, with Bridget and other whores asleep

Lucio

They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman,
after the downright way of creation. Is it true, think you?

Froth

How should he be made, then?

Lucio Some report a sea-maid spawn'd him. Some, that he was begot between two stockfishes. But it is certain that when he makes water his urine is congeal'd ice. That I know to be true. And he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible.

Froth God save the good Duke. Would he had never gone to Poland.

Lucio Poland?

Froth Ay, sir. Those were his givings out.

Lucio Of infinite distance from his true-meant design. Your good Duke has appetites will not be cool'd in Poland. He would rather –

Enter Mistress Overdone and Pompey

Behold, behold where Madam Mitigation comes! I have purchas'd as many diseases under her roof as come to –

Froth To what, I pray?

Lucio Judge.

Froth To three thousand dolours a year?

Lucio Ay, and more.

Froth Thou art always figuring diseases in me. But thou art full of error. I am sound.

Lucio Nay, not, as one would say, healthy. But so sound as things that are hollow. Thy bones are hollow. Impiety has made a feast of thee. How now, mistress, which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Overdone Well, well, there's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

Lucio Who's that, I pray thee?

Overdone Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

Lucio Claudio to prison? 'Tis not so.

Overdone Nay, but I know 'tis so. I saw him arrested, saw him carried away. And, which is more, within these three days his head to be chopp'd off.

Lucio But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

Overdone I am too sure of it.

Lucio What has he done?

Pompey A woman.

Lucio But what's his offence?

Pompey Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Overdone H'as got Madam Julietta with child.

Lucio Believe me, this may be. He promis'd to meet me two hours since and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

Froth Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

Lucio But, most of all, agreeing with the proclamation. *[To Overdone]* You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Overdone What proclamation, sir?

Lucio All houses of resort in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down.

Overdone And what shall become of those in the city?

Lucio They shall stand for seed. They had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Overdone But shall all our houses in the suburbs be pull'd down?

Lucio To the ground, mistress.

Exit Lucio

Overdone Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What with the pox, what with the gallows and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. What shall become of me?

Pompey Come, fear you not. Good counsellors lack no clients. Though you change your place, you need not change your trade. I'll be your tapster still. Courage! There will be pity taken on you – you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service – you will be consider'd. *[To Froth]* Come, sir, shall I wake Bridget, sir?

Scene 3 (Act1 Sc2)

A Street

Enter Provost, Claudio and Officer

Claudio Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?
Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Provost I do it not in evil disposition,

but from Lord Angelo by special charge.

Claudio Thus can the demigod Authority
make us pay down for our offence by weight
the words of heaven – ‘on whom it will, it will,
on whom it will not, so’. Yet still ‘tis just.

Enter Lucio

Lucio Why, how now, Claudio! Whence comes this restraint?

Claudio From too much liberty, my Lucio. Liberty,
like surfeit, is the father of much fast.
So ev’ry scope by the immod’rate use
turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,
like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
a thirsty evil. And when we drink we die.

Lucio If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for
certain of my creditors. And yet, to say the truth, I had as
lief have the foppery of freedom as the morality of
imprisonment. What’s thy offence, Claudio?

Claudio What but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio What, is’t murder?

Claudio No.

Lucio Lechery?

Claudio Call it so.

Provost Away, sir, you must go.

Claudio One word, good friend. Lucio, a word with you.

Lucio A hundred, if they’ll do you any good.
Is lechery so look’d after?

Claudio Thus stands it with me: upon a true contract
I got possession of Julietta’s bed.
You know the lady – she is fast my wife
save that we do the denunciation lack
of outward order. This we came not to
only for propagation of a dower
remaining in the coffer of her friends,
from whom we thought it meet to hide our love
till time had made them for us. But it chances
the stealth of our most mutual entertainment
with character too gross is writ on Juliet.

Lucio With child, perhaps?

- Claudio** Unhappily, even so.
 And the new deputy now for the Duke –
 whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,
 or whether that the body public be
 a horse whereon the governor doth ride
 who, newly in the seat, that it may know
 he can command lets it straight feel the spur,
 whether the tyranny be in his place
 or in his eminence that fills it up
 I stagger in – but this new governor
 awakes me all the enrolled penalties
 which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall
 so long that fourteen zodiacs have gone round
 and none of them been worn. And for a name
 now puts the drowsy and neglected act
 Freshly on me. 'Tis surely for a name.
- Lucio** I warrant it is. And thy head stands so tickle on thy
 shoulders that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off.
 Send after the Duke and appeal to him.
- Claudio** I have done so but he's not to be found.
 I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service:
 this day my sister should the cloister enter
 and there receive her approbation.
 Acquaint her with the danger of my state,
 implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
 to the strict deputy. Bid herself assay him.
 I have great hope in that, for in her youth
 there is a prone and speechless dialect
 such as move men. Beside, she hath prosperous art
 when she will play with reason and discourse,
 and well she can persuade.
- Lucio** I pray she may. As well for the encouragement of the like,
 which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for
 the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be
 thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.
- Claudio** I thank you, good friend Lucio.
- Lucio** Within two hours.
- Claudio** Come, officer, away!

Exeunt

Scene 4 (Act1 Sc4)

A Nunnery

Enter Isabella and Francisca

Isabella And have you nuns no farther privileges?

Francisca Are not these large enough?

Isabella Yes, truly. I speak not as desiring more,
but rather wishing a more strict restraint
upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.

Lucio *[Within]* Ho! Peace be in this place!

Isabella Who's that which calls?

Francisca It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
turn you the key and know his business of him.
You may, I may not. You are yet unsworn.
When you have vow'd you must not speak with men
but in the presence of the prioress.
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face,
or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again. I pray you, answer him.

Isabella Peace and prosperity! Who is't that calls?

Enter Lucio

Lucio Hail, virgin, if you be – as those cheek-roses
proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me
as bring me to the sight of Isabella,
a novice of this place, and the fair sister
to her unhappy brother Claudio?

Isabella Why 'her unhappy brother'? Let me ask,
for I am that Isabella and his sister.

Lucio Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you.
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isabella Woe me! For what?

Lucio For that which, if myself might be his judge,
he should receive his punishment in thanks.
He hath got his friend with child.

Isabella Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio It is true.

I would not – though 'tis my familiar sin
with maids to seem the lapwing and to jest

tongue far from heart – play with all virgins so.
 I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted,
 by your renouncement an immortal spirit
 and to be talk'd with in sincerity,
 as with a saint.

Isabella You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.

Lucio Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus:
 your brother and his lover have embrac'd.
 As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time
 that from the seedness the bare fallow brings
 to teeming foison, even so her plenteous womb
 expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Isabella Some one with child by him? My cousin Juliet?

Lucio Is she your cousin?

Isabella Adoptedly, as school-maids 'change their names
 by vain though apt affection.

Lucio She it is.

Isabella O, let him marry her.

Lucio This is the point.
 The Duke is very strangely gone from hence.
 Upon his place – and with full line of his authority –
 governs Lord Angelo. A man whose blood
 is very snow-broth. One who never feels
 the wanton stings and motions of the sense,
 but doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
 with profits of the mind, study and fast.
 He – to give fear to use and liberty
 which have for long run by the hideous law
 as mice by lions – hath pick'd out an act
 under whose heavy sense your brother's life
 falls into forfeit. He arrests him on it
 and follows close the rigour of the statute
 to make him an example. All hope is gone
 unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
 to soften Angelo.

Isabella Doth he so
 seek his life?

Lucio Has censur'd him
 already. And, as I hear, the Provost hath

a warrant for his execution.

Isabella Alas, what poor ability's in me
to do him good?

Lucio Assay the power you have.

Isabella My power, alas, I doubt.

Lucio Our doubts are traitors
and make us lose the good we oft might win
by fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo
and let him learn to know when maidens sue
men give like gods, but when they weep and kneel
all their petitions are as freely theirs
as they themselves would owe them.

Isabella I'll see what I can do.

Lucio But speedily.

Isabella I will about it straight,
no longer staying but to give the Mother
notice of my affair. I humbly thank you.
Commend me to my brother. Soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio I take my leave of you.

Isabella Good sir, adieu.

Exeunt

Scene 5 (Act2 Sc1)

Angelo's Great Hall

Enter Angelo, Escalus and the Provost

Angelo We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
setting it up to fright the birds of prey
and let it keep one shape till custom make it
their perch and not their terror.

Escalus Ay, but yet
let us be keen and rather cut a little
than fall and bruise to death. Alas, this gentleman
whom I would save had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know,
whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,
that in the working of your own affections –
had time coher'd with place or place with wishing,

or that the resolute acting of your blood
 could have attain'd th'effect of your own purpose –
 whether you had not sometime in your life
 err'd in this point which now you censure him
 and pull'd the law upon you.

Angelo 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
 another thing to fall. I not deny
 the jury passing on the prisoner's life
 may in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
 guiltier than him they try. 'Tis what's open made
 to justice that justice seizes.
 The jewel that we see, we stoop and take't,
 but what we do not see
 we tread upon and never think of it.
 You may not so extenuate his offence
 for I have had such faults, but rather tell me
 when I that censure him do so offend
 let mine own judgment pattern out my death
 and nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escalus Be it as your wisdom will.

Angelo Where is the Provost?

Provost Here, if it like your honour.

Angelo See that Claudio
 be executed by nine tomorrow morning.
 Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd,
 for that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

Escalus *[Aside]* Well, heaven forgive him and forgive us all!

Provost Constable!

Enter Elbow and Officer with Froth and Pompey

Elbow Come, bring them away. If these be good people in a
 commonweal that do nothing but use their abuses in
 common houses I know no law. Bring them away.

Angelo How now, sir? What's your name? And what's the matter?

Elbow If it please your honour, I am the poor Duke's constable,
 and my name is Elbow. I do lean upon justice, sir, and do
 bring in here before your good honour two notorious
 benefactors.

Angelo Benefactors? Well, what benefactors are they? Are they not
 malefactors?

- Elbow** If it please your honour, I know not well what they are. But precise villains they are, that I am sure of, and void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have.
- Escalus** This comes off well. Here's a wise officer.
- Angelo** Go to. What quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?
- Pompey** He cannot, sir, he's out at elbow.
- Angelo** What are you, sir?
- Elbow** He, sir? A tapster, sir. Parcel-bawd. One that serves a bad woman whose house, sir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs. And now she professes a hot-house, which I think is a very ill house too.
- Escalus** How know you that?
- Elbow** My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour –
- Escalus** How, thy wife?
- Elbow** Ay, sir, whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman –
- Escalus** Dost thou detest her therefore?
- Elbow** I say, sir, I will detest myself also as well as she that this house, if it be not a bawd's house it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.
- Escalus** How dost thou know that, Constable?
- Elbow** Marry, sir, by my wife who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accus'd in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.
- Escalus** By the woman's means?
- Elbow** Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means. But as she spit in his face, so she defied him.
- Pompey** Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.
- Elbow** Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.
- Escalus** Do you hear how he misplaces?
- Pompey** Sir, she came in great with child and longing, saving your honour's reverence, for stew'd prunes. Sir, we had but two in the house which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish. A dish of some three-pence. Your

honours have seen such dishes – they are not China dishes, but very good dishes –

Escalus Go to, go to, no matter for the dish, sir.

Pompey No, indeed, sir, not of a pin. You are therein in the right. But to the point: as I say, this Mistress Elbow being, as I say, with child and being great-bellied and longing, as I said, for prunes and having but two in the dish, as I said – Master Froth here, this very man having eaten the rest, as I said and as I say, paying for them very honestly, for as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again –

Froth No, indeed.

Pompey Very well. You being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes –

Froth Ay, so I did indeed.

Pompey Why, very well. I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of unless they kept very good diet, as I told you –

Froth All this is true.

Pompey Why, very well, then –

Escalus Come, you are a tedious fool, to the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Pompey Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escalus No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Pompey Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir. A man of four-score pound a year whose father died at Hallowmas – was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?

Froth All-hallond eve.

Pompey Why, very well. I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir – 'twas in the Bunch of Grapes where indeed you have a delight to sit, have you not – ?

Froth I have so because it is an open room and good for winter.

Pompey Why, very well, then. I hope here be truths.

Angelo This will last out a night in Russia when nights are longest there. I'll take my leave

and leave you to the hearing of the cause,
hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escalus I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship.

Exit Angelo

Now, sir, come on – what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Pompey Once, sir? There was nothing done to her once.

Elbow I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Pompey I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escalus Well, sir, what did this gentleman do to her?

Pompey I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face. Good Master Froth, look upon his honour, 'tis for a good purpose. Doth your honour mark his face?

Escalus Ay, sir, very well.

Pompey Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escalus Well, I do so.

Pompey Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escalus Why, no.

Pompey I'll be suppos'd upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good then, if his face be the worst thing about him how could Master Froth do the Constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escalus He's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?

Elbow First, an it like you, the house is a respected house. Next, this is a respected fellow and his mistress is a respected woman.

Pompey By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elbow Varlet, thou liest. Thou liest, wicked varlet! The time has yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Pompey Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escalus Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity? Is this true?

Elbow O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her! If ever I was

respected with her, or she with me, let not your Worship think me the poor Duke's officer. Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escalus If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elbow Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escalus Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou would'st discover if thou could'st, let him continue in his courses till thou knowest what they are.

Elbow Marry, I thank your worship for it. Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now what's come upon thee? Thou art to continue now, thou varlet, thou art to continue.

Escalus Where were you born, friend?

Froth Here in Vienna, sir.

Escalus Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth Yes, an't please you, sir.

Escalus So. What trade are you of, sir?

Pompey Tapster. A poor widow's tapster.

Escalus Your mistress' name?

Pompey Mistress Overdone.

Escalus Hath she had any more than one husband?

Pompey Nine, sir. Overdone by the last.

Escalus Nine! Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters. They will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone and let me hear no more of you.

Froth I thank your worship. For mine own part I never come into any room in a tap-house but I am drawn in.

Escalus Well, no more of it, Master Froth. Farewell.

Exit Froth

Come you hither to me, Master tapster. What's your name, Master tapster?

Pompey Pompey.

Escalus What else?

- Pompey** Bum, sir.
- Escalus** Troth and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the beastliest sense you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster, are you not? Come, tell me true – it shall be the better for you.
- Pompey** Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.
- Escalus** How would you live, Pompey? By being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? Is it a lawful trade?
- Pompey** If the law would allow it, sir.
- Escalus** But the law will not allow it, Pompey, nor it shall not be allow'd in Vienna.
- Pompey** Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth of the city?
- Escalus** No, Pompey.
- Pompey** Truly, sir, in my poor opinion they will to't then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves you need not to fear the bawds.
- Escalus** There are pretty orders beginning I can tell you. It is but heading and hanging.
- Pompey** If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a bay. If you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.
- Escalus** Thank you, good Pompey. And in requital of your prophecy, hark you. I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever – no, not for dwelling where you do. If I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent and prove a shrewd Caesar to you. In plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipp'd. So for this time, Pompey, fare you well.
- Pompey** I thank your worship for your good counsel. *[Aside]* But I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.
- Exit*
- Escalus** Come hither to me, Master Elbow. Come hither, Master Constable. How long have you been in this place of

constable?

Elbow Seven year and a half, sir.

Escalus I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say seven years together?

Elbow And a half, sir.

Escalus Alas, it hath been great pains to you. They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't. Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elbow Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters. As they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them. I do it for some piece of money and go through with all.

Escalus Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elbow To your worship's house, sir?

Escalus To my house. Fare you well.

Exit Elbow

What's o'clock, think you?

Provost Eleven, sir.

Escalus I pray you home to dinner with me.

Provost I humbly thank you.

Escalus It grieves me for the death of Claudio. But there's no remedy.

Provost Lord Angelo is severe.

Escalus It is but needful.

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so.

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.

But yet – poor Claudio! There is no remedy.

Come, sir.

Exeunt

Scene 6

A Moated Grange

Mariana and a Musician, singing

Mariana *Take, O take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn.*

*But my kisses bring again, bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain.*

Enter the Duke disguised as a Friar

Break off our song, and haste thee quick away.
Here's a man of comfort whose advice
so oft hath still'd my brawling discontent.

Exit Musician

Welcome, Father. – Oh, sir, I cry you mercy!
I would have welcom'd my confessor here.

Duke Friar Thomas?

Mariana Aye, my soul's good angel, one
whose grave and solemn counsel lends me ease.

Duke A most sweet comfort. I am Friar Lodowick
and reverently my brother's place supply
to hear confessions and to shrive such sins
as come 'tween us and God's all-loving gaze.
Will you kneel?

Mariana If it please you, Father.

Duke There. Unburden. Let all your secret thoughts
ride upon words and speed to absolution.

Mariana Hear me, good Father: I was betroth'd, now yearn
for one who scorns me, sets aside all vows
of love that once he gave to me so freely –
all this Friar Thomas knows.

Duke Then, daughter,
so must I. Come, the circumstance.

Mariana Our marriage day was set, my happiness,
I thought, complete. But Fortune would not so.
My brother, full of tender love, took ship
from France to joy my nuptials. The winds that
spread the sails first promis'd speedy passage
but soon turn'd traitor and in a cruel tempest
lost I brother, dower, and my soul's dear joy.
He should then have solac'd me show'd me naught
but coldness, all his loving vows forgot.

Duke Speak you of the Lord Angelo, my child?

Mariana Aye, Angelo, who deputies the Duke
and now makes pious love unto the law.

Duke Was all his coldness for a dowry lost?

Mariana I think 'twas so. And yet ...

Duke Speak, my child, you must if you would be shriv'd.

Mariana Father, this man, this Angelo I lov'd
 with doting that did o'errule my modesty.
 Unmaidenlike I chaff'd, I could not brook
 the sober patience he look'd for in a wife.
 In sunding us he advertis'd my heat
 as common looseness, though meant all for him.
 And now, the ghost of all those promis'd pleasures,
 I haunt the places where he walks, wet with tears
 the paths and streets our feet together trod.

Duke Why do you so? 'Tis nought but seeking shame.

Mariana T'accuse him and to ease my present woes.

Duke Such heat's unseemly, feeds your doting still,
 makes of it a tenant that in your bosom
 grows sick on fancy, flatter'd with false hopes.
 Find you an empty chamber nigh your heart,
 banish it thither. Let the doors be seal'd.
 Comfort it not, nor feed it with your thoughts,
 but let it starve unheeded and alone
 that its death may release your 'prison'd soul.

Mariana I will strive to obey. Though still I grieve.

Duke Now rest in that resolve. Come, bow your head.

Scene 7 (Act2 Sc2)

A Chamber in Angelo's house
Enter Provost and the Servant

Servant He's hearing of a cause. He will come straight.
 I'll tell him of you.

Provost Pray you, do.

Exit Servant

I'll know
 his pleasure. May be he will relent. Alas,
 he hath but as offended in a dream!
 All sects, all ages smack of this vice – and he
 to die for't?

Enter Angelo

Angelo Now, what's the matter, Provost?

Provost Is it your will Claudio shall die tomorrow?

Angelo Did not I tell thee yea? Hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?

Provost Lest I might be too rash.
Under your good correction, I have seen
when, after execution, judgment hath
repented o'er his doom.

Angelo Go to, let that be mine.
Do you your office or give up your place,
and you shall well be spar'd.

Provost I crave your honour's pardon.
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.

Angelo Dispose of her
to some more fitter place, and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant

Servant. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd
desires access to you.

Angelo Hath he a sister?

Provost Ay, my good lord. A very virtuous maid,
and to be shortly of a sisterhood,
if not already.

Angelo Well, let her be admitted.

Exit Servant

See you the fornicatress be remov'd.
Let her have needful, but not lavish means.
There shall be order for't.

Enter Isabella and Lucio

Provost God save your honour!

Angelo Stay a little while. You're welcome. What's your will?

Isabella I am a woeful suitor to your honour.
Please but your honour hear me.

Angelo Well, what's your suit?

Isabella There is a vice that most I do abhor
and most desire should meet the blow of justice.
For which I would not plead, but that I must.

For which I must not plead, but that I am
at war 'twixt will and will not.

Angelo Well, the matter?

Isabella I have a brother is condemn'd to die.
I do beseech you, let it be his fault
and not my brother.

Angelo Condemn the fault and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done.
Mine were the very cipher of a function
to fine the faults – whose fine stands in record –
and let go by the actor.

Isabella O just but severe law!
I had a brother, then. Heaven keep your honour.

Lucio *[To Isabella]* Give't not o'er so. To him again, entreat him.
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown.
You are too cold. If you should need a pin
you could not with more tame a tongue desire it.
To him, I say!

Isabella Must he needs die?

Angelo Maiden, no remedy.

Isabella Yes. I do think that you might pardon him
and neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.

Angelo I will not do't.

Isabella But can you, if you would?

Angelo Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isabella But might you do't and do the world no wrong
if so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
as mine is to him?

Angelo He's sentenced, 'tis too late.

Lucio *[To Isabella]* You are too cold.

Isabella Too late? Why, no. I, that do speak a word
may call it back again. Well believe this,
no ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
the marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
become them with one half so good a grace
as mercy does.

If he had been as you and you as he
you would have slipp'd like him. But he, like you,
would not have been so stern.

Angelo Pray you, be gone.

Isabella I would to heaven I had your potency
and you were Isabel! Should it then be thus?
No, I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
and what a prisoner.

Lucio *[To Isabella]* Ay, touch him, there's the vein.

Angelo Your brother is a forfeit of the law
and you but waste your words.

Isabella Alas, alas,
why, all the souls that were were forfeit once
and He that might the vantage best have took
found out the remedy. How would you be
if He, which is the top of judgment, should
but judge you as you are? O, think on that
and mercy then will breathe within your lips
like man new made.

Angelo Be you content, fair maid.
It is the law, not I, condemn your brother.
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
it should be thus with him. He must die tomorrow.

Isabella To-morrow? O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him!
He's not prepar'd for death. Even for our kitchens
we kill the fowl of season. Shall we serve heaven
with less respect than we do minister
to our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you.
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio *[Aside]* Well said.

Angelo The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept.
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil
if the first that did the edict infringe
had answer'd for his deed. Now 'tis awake,
takes note of what is done, and like a prophet
looks in a glass that shows what future evils,
either new – or by remissness new-conceiv'd
and so in progress to be hatch'd and born –
are now to have no successive degrees

but, ere they live, to end.

Isabella

Yet show some pity.

Angelo

I show it most of all when I show justice.
For then I pity those I do not know
which a dismiss'd offence would after gall.
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
lives not to act another. Be satisfied
your brother dies tomorrow. Be content.

Isabella

So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
and he that suffers. O, it is excellent
to have a giant's strength but it is tyrannous
to use it like a giant.

Lucio

[Aside] That's well said.

Isabella

Could great men thunder
as Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
for every pelting, petty officer
would use his heaven for thunder,
nothing but thunder! Merciful Heaven,
thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
than the soft myrtle. But man, proud man,
dress'd in a little brief authority,
most ignorant of what he's most assur'd –
his glassy essence – like an angry ape
plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
as make the angels weep, who with our spleens
would all themselves laugh mortal.
We cannot weigh our brother with ourself.
Great men may jest with saints, 'tis wit in them,
but in the less foul profanation.
That in the captain's but a choleric word
which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio

[To Isabella.] Art advis'd o' that? More on 't.

Angelo

Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isabella

Because authority, though it err like others
hath yet a kind of med'cine in itself
that skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom,
knock there and ask your heart what it doth know
that's like my brother's fault. If it confess
a natural guiltiness such as is his

let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
against my brother's life.

Angelo *[Aside]* She speaks, and 'tis
such sense, that my sense breeds with it. Fare you well.

Isabella Gentle my lord, turn back.

Angelo I will bethink me. Come again tomorrow.

Isabella Hark how I'll bribe you Good my lord, turn back.

Angelo How? Bribe me?

Isabella Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.

Lucio *[Aside]* You had marr'd all else.

Isabella Not with fond sickles of the tested gold
or stones whose rates are either rich or poor
as fancy values them, but with true prayers
that shall be up at heaven and enter there
ere sunrise, prayers from preserved souls,
from fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
to nothing temporal.

Angelo Well, come to me tomorrow.

Lucio *[Aside to Isabella.]* Go to, 'tis well. Away!

Isabella Heaven keep your honour safe.

Angelo *[Aside]* Amen,
for I am that way going to temptation,
where prayers cross.

Isabella At what hour tomorrow
shall I attend your lordship?

Angelo At any time 'fore noon.

Isabella 'Save your honour.

Exeunt Isabella, Lucio and the Provost

Angelo From thee, even from thy virtue!
What's this, what's this? Is this her fault or mine?
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most, ha?
Not she. Nor doth she tempt. But it is I
that, lying by the violet in the sun,
do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be
that modesty may more betray our sense
than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough

shall we desire to raze the sanctuary
 and pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie,
 what dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
 Dost thou desire her foully for those things
 that make her good? O, let her brother live!
 Thieves for their robbery have authority
 when judges steal themselves. What, do I love her,
 that I desire to hear her speak again
 and feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
 O cunning enemy, that to catch a saint,
 with saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
 is that temptation that doth goad us on
 to sin in loving virtue. Never could the strumpet,
 with all her double vigour – art and nature –
 once stir my temper, but this virtuous maid
 subdues me quite. Ever till now,
 when men were fond, I smil'd and wonder'd how.

Exit

Scene 8 (Act2 Sc3)

A Room in the Prison

Enter the Duke, as Friar, and the Provost

Duke Hail to you, Provost – so I think you are.

Provost I am the provost. What's your will, good friar?

Duke Bound by my charity and my blest order,
 I come to visit the afflicted spirits
 here in the prison. Do me the common right
 to let me see them and to make me know
 the nature of their crimes, that I may minister
 to them accordingly.

Provost I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter Juliet

Look, here comes one. A gentlewoman of mine
 who, falling in the flaws of her own youth,
 hath blister'd her report. She is with child
 and he that got it, sentenc'd. A young man
 more fit to do another such offence
 than die for this.

Duke When must he die?

Provost As I do think, tomorrow.

[To Juliet] I have provided for you. Stay awhile,
and you shall be conducted.

Duke Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Juliet I do. And bear the shame most patiently.

Duke I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience
and try your penitence, if it be sound
or hollowly put on.

Juliet I'll gladly learn.

Duke Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke So then it seems your most offenceful act
was mutually committed?

Juliet Mutually.

Duke Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke 'Tis meet so, daughter. But lest you do repent
as that the sin hath brought you to this shame –
which sorrow is always towards ourselves, not Heaven,
showing we would not spare Heaven as we love it
but as we stand in fear –

Juliet I do repent me as it is an evil
and take the shame with joy.

Duke There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die tomorrow
and I am going with instruction to him.
Grace go with you. *Benedicite.*

Exit

Juliet Must die tomorrow? O injurious love,
that respites me a life whose very comfort
is still a dying horror!

Provost 'Tis pity of him.

Exit Provost

Scene 9 (Act2 Sc4)

A Chamber in Angelo's House

Enter Angelo

Angelo When I would pray and think, I think and pray

to several subjects. Heaven hath my empty words
 whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
 anchors on Isabel. God in my mouth,
 as if I did but only chew His name,
 and in my heart the strong and swelling evil
 of my conception. The state whereon I studied
 is like a good thing being often read
 grown sere and tedious. Yea, my gravity,
 wherein – let no man hear me – I take pride,
 could I with boot change for an idle plume
 which the air beats for vain. O place, O form,
 how often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
 wrench awe from fools and tie the wiser souls
 to thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood.
 Let's write good angel on the devil's horn –
 'tis not the devil's crest.

Enter a Servant

How now, who's there?

Servant. One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

Angelo Teach her the way.

Exit Servant

O heavens,
 why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
 making both it unable for itself
 and dispossessing all my other parts
 of necessary fitness?

Enter Isabella

How now, fair maid?

Isabella I am come to know your pleasure.

Angelo *[Aside]* That you might know it, would much better please me
 than to demand what 'tis. – Your brother cannot live.

Isabella Even so. Heaven keep your honour.

Angelo Yet may he live awhile. And, it may be,
 as long as you or I. Yet he must die.

Isabella Under your sentence?

Angelo Yea.

Isabella When, I beseech you? That in his reprieve,
 longer or shorter, he may be so fitted
 that his soul sicken not.

Angelo Ha? Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
to pardon him that hath from nature stolen
a man already made as to forgive
their saucy sweetness that do coin God's image
in stamps that are forbid. 'Tis all as easy
falsely to take away a life true made
as to put metal in restrained means
to make a false one.

Isabella 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

Angelo Say you so? Then I shall pose you quickly:
which had you rather – that the most just law
now took your brother's life or, to redeem him,
give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
as she that he hath stain'd?

Isabella Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Angelo I talk not of your soul. Our compell'd sins
stand more for number than for accompt.

Isabella How say you?

Angelo Nay, I'll not warrant that, for I can speak
against the thing I say. Answer to this:
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
pronounce a sentence on your brother's life.
Might there not be a charity in sin
to save this brother's life?

Isabella Please you to do't
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
it is no sin at all, but charity.

Angelo Pleased you to do't at peril of your soul
were equal poise of sin and charity.

Isabella That I do beg his life, if it be sin
Heaven let me bear it. You granting of my suit,
if that be sin I'll make it my morn prayer
to have it added to the faults of mine
and nothing of your answer.

Angelo Nay, but hear me,
your sense pursues not mine. Either you are ignorant,
or seem so craftily, and that's not good.

Isabella Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,

but graciously to know I am no better.

Angelo Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright
when it doth tax itself. As a black mask may
proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
than beauty could, display'd. But mark me:
to be received plain, I'll speak more gross.
Your brother is to die.

Isabella So.

Angelo And his offence is so, as it appears,
accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isabella True.

Angelo Admit no other way to save his life –
as I subscribe not that, nor any other,
but in the loss of question – that you, his sister,
finding yourself desir'd of such a person
whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
could fetch your brother from the manacles
of the all-binding law, and that there were
no earthly mean to save him but that either
you must lay down the treasures of your body
to this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer,
what would you do?

Isabella As much for my poor brother as myself.
That is, were I under the terms of death
th'impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies
and strip myself to death, as to a bed
that longing have been sick for, ere I'd yield
my body up to shame.

Angelo Then must your brother die.

Isabella And 'twere the cheaper way.
Better it were a brother died at once,
than that a sister, by redeeming him,
should die for ever.

Angelo Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
that you have slander'd so?

Isabella Ignomy in ransom and free pardon
are of two houses. Lawful mercy
is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Angelo You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant,

and rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
a merriment than a vice.

Isabella O, pardon me, my lord, it oft falls out
o have what we would have we speak not what we mean.
I something do excuse the thing I hate
for his advantage that I dearly love.

Angelo We are all frail.

Isabella Else let my brother die,
if not a feodary but only he
owe and succeed thy weakness.

Angelo Nay, women are frail too.

Isabella Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves,
which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women – help Heaven! Men their creation mar
in profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail,
for we are soft as our complexions are
and credulous to false prints.

Angelo I think it well.
And from this testimony of your own sex –
since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
than faults may shake our frames – let me be bold:
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
that is, a woman. If you be more you're none.
If you be one, as you are well express'd
by all external warrants, show it now
by putting on the destin'd livery.

Isabella I have no tongue but one. Gentle my lord,
let me entreat you speak the former language.

Angelo Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isabella My brother did love Juliet
and you tell me that he shall die for it.

Angelo He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isabella I know your virtue hath a licence in't,
which seems a little fouler than it is
to pluck on others.

Angelo Believe me, on mine honour,
my words express my purpose.

Isabella Ha, little honour to be much believ'd

and most pernicious purpose! Seeming, seeming!
 I will proclaim thee, Angelo. Look for't.
 sign me a present pardon for my brother
 or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the world aloud
 what man thou art.

Angelo

Who will believe thee, Isabel?

My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
 my vouch against you and my place i' the state
 will so your accusation overweigh
 that you shall stifle in your own report
 and smell of calumny. I have begun,
 and now I give my sensual race the rein:
 fit thy consent to my sharp appetite,
 lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes
 that banish what they sue for. Redeem thy brother
 by yielding up thy body to my will
 or else he must not only die the death
 but thy unkindness shall his death draw out
 to ling'ring suff'rance. Answer me tomorrow
 or, by the affection that now guides me most,
 I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
 say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

Exit

Isabella

To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
 who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
 that bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
 either of condemnation or approof,
 bidding the law make curtsey to their will,
 hooking both right and wrong to the appetite
 to follow as it draws! I'll to my brother.
 Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,
 yet hath he in him such a mind of honour
 that, had he twenty heads to tender down
 on twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up
 before his sister should her body stoop
 to such abhorr'd pollution.
 Then, Isabel, live chaste and, brother, die,
 more than our brother is our chastity.
 I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
 and fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

Exit

Scene 10 (Act3 Sc1)

A Cell in the Prison

The Duke, disguised as before, and Claudio

Duke So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

Claudio The mis'erable have no other med'cine
but only hope.
I have hope to live and am prepar'd to die.

Duke Be absolute for death. Either death or life
shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
if I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
that none but fools would keep. A breath thou art,
servile to all the skyey influences
that dost this habitation where thou keep'st
hourly afflict. Merely, thou art death's fool,
for him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun
and yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble,
for all the accommodations that thou bear'st
are nurs'd by baseness. Thou'rt by no means valiant
for thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep
and that thou oft provok'st, yet grossly fear'st
thy death which is no more. Thou art not thyself
for thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
that issue out of dust. Happy thou art not
for what thou hast not still thou striv'st to get
and what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain
for thy complexion shifts to strange effects
after the moon. If thou art rich thou'rt poor,
for like an ass whose back with ingots bows
thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey
and death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none,
for thine own bowels which do call thee sire,
the mere effusion of thy proper loins,
do curse the gout, serpigo and the rheum
for ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age
but, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep
dreaming on both. For all thy blessed youth

becomes as aged and doth beg the alms
 of palsied eld. And when thou art old and rich
 thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty
 to make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this
 that bears the name of life? Yet in this life
 lie hid more thousand deaths. Yet death we fear,
 that makes these odds all even.

Claudio I humbly thank you.

To sue to live, I find I seek to die,
 and, seeking death, find life. Let it come on.

Enter the Provost with Isabella

Provost Look, signior, here's your sister.

Duke Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claudio Most holy sir, I thank you.

The Duke and Provost retire

Claudio Now, sister, what's the comfort?

The Duke stops to listen in the shadows

Isabella Why,
 as all comforts are – most good, most good indeed.
 Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
 intends you for his swift ambassador
 where you shall be an everlasting leiger.
 Therefore your best appointment make with speed.
 Tomorrow you set on.

Claudio Is there no remedy?

Isabella None, but such remedy as, to save a head,
 would cleave a heart in twain.

Claudio But is there any?

Isabella Yes, brother, you may live.
 There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
 if you'll implore it, that will free your life
 but fetter you till death.

Claudio Perpetual durance?

Isabella Ay, just – perpetual durance, a restraint
 though all the world's vastidity you had
 to a determin'd scope.

Claudio But in what nature?

Isabella In such a one as, you consenting to't,
would bark your honour from that trunk you bear
and leave you naked.

Claudio Let me know the point!

Isabella O, I do fear thee, Claudio, and I quake
lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain
and six or seven winters more respect
than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension
and the poor beetle that we tread upon
in corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
as when a giant dies.

Claudio Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
from flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride
and hug it in mine arms.

Isabella There spake my brother. There my father's grave
did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die.
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
in base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,
whose settl'd visage and deliberate word
nips youth i' the head and follies doth emmew
as falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil.
His filth within being cast, he would appear
a pond as deep as hell.

Claudio The princely Angelo?

Isabella O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
the damned'st body to invest and cover
in princely guards! Dost thou think, Claudio,
if I would yield him my virginity
thou mightst be freed?

Claudio O heavens, it cannot be!

Isabella Yes, he would give't thee, from this rank offence
so to offend him still. This night's the time
that I should do what I abhor to name
or else thou diest tomorrow.

Claudio Thou shalt not do't.

Isabella O, were it but my life

I'd throw it down for your deliverance
as frankly as a pin.

Claudio Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isabella Be ready, Claudio, for your death tomorrow.

Claudio Yes. Has he affections in him
that thus can make him bite the law by the nose
when he would force it? Sure it is no sin,
or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isabella Which is the least?

Claudio If it were damnable, he being so wise
why would he for the momentary trick
be perdurably fin'd? O Isabel!

Isabella What says my brother?

Claudio Death is a fearful thing.

Isabella And shamed life a hateful.

Claudio Ay, but to die and go we know not where,
to lie in cold obstruction and to rot,
this sensible warm motion to become
a kneaded clod, and the delighted spirit
to bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
in thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice?
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds
and blown with restless violence round about
the pendent world, or to be worse than worst
of those that lawless and incertain thought
imagine howling – 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
that age, ache, penury and imprisonment
can lay on nature is a paradise
to what we fear of death.

Isabella Alas, alas!

Claudio Sweet sister, let me live!
What sin you do to save a brother's life
Nature dispenses with the deed so far
that it becomes a virtue.

Isabella O you beast!
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?

Is't not a kind of incest to take life
 from thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
 God forbid my mother play'd my father fair,
 for such a warped slip of wilderness
 ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance,
 die, perish! Might but my bending down
 relieve thee from thy fate it should proceed.
 I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
 no word to save thee.

Claudio Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isabella O, fie, fie, fie,
 thy sin's not accidental, but a trade!
 Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd.
[Going] 'Tis best thou diest quickly.

Claudio O hear me, Isabella!

Duke Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isabella What is your will?

Duke Might you dispense with your leisure I would by and by
 have some speech with you. The satisfaction I would
 require is likewise your own benefit.

Isabella I have no superfluous leisure. My stay must be stolen out of
 other affairs. But I will attend you at the gate.

Exit

Duke *[Aside]* Princely Angelo, is your warrant nought but to weed
 my vice and let yours grow? *[To Claudio]* Son, I have
 overheard what hath pass'd between you and your sister.
 Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her. Only he hath
 made an assay of her virtue to practise his judgment with
 the disposition of natures. She, having the truth of honour
 in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is
 most glad to receive. I am confessor to Angelo and I know
 this to be true. Therefore prepare yourself to death. Do not
 satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible.
 Tomorrow you must die. Go to your knees and make ready.

Claudio Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life
 that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke Hold you there. Farewell.

Exit Duke

Part Two

Scene 11 (Act3 Sc1/Act 3 Sc2)

Outside the Prison

Enter Isabella, then the Duke

- Duke** The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good.
And grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep
the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made
to you fortune hath convey'd to my understanding. And,
but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should
wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this
substitute and to save your brother?
- Isabella** I am now going to resolve him. I had rather my brother die
by the law than my son should be unlawfully born. But O,
how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in Angelo! If ever he
return and I can speak to him I will open my lips in vain or
discover his government.
- Duke** That shall not be much amiss. Yet, as the matter now
stands, he will avoid your accusation - say he made trial of
you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings. To the
love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do
make myself believe that you may most uprightly do a
poor wrong'd lady a merited benefit, redeem your brother
from the angry law, do no stain to your own gracious
person and much please the absent Duke if, peradventure,
he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.
- Isabella** I have spirit to do anything that appears not foul in the truth
of my spirit.
- Duke** Virtue is bold and goodness never fearful. Have you not
heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick the great
soldier who miscarried at sea?
- Isabella** I have heard of the lady.
- Duke** She should this Angelo have married, was affianc'd to her
by oath and the nuptial appointed. Between which time of

the contract and limit of the solemnity her brother Frederick was wreck'd at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman. There she lost a noble and renowned brother, with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry. With both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isabella Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke Left her in her tears and dried not one of them with his comfort. Swallow'd his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour. In few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation which she yet wears for his sake. And he, a marble to her tears, is wash'd with them but relents not.

Isabella What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! But how out of this can she avail?

Duke It is a rupture that you may easily heal. And the cure of it not only saves your brother but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isabella Show me how, good father.

Duke Go you to Angelo. Agree with his demands to the point, only refer yourself to this advantage: that your stay with him may not be long, that for modesty's sake your face be veil'd and that the time may have all shadow and silence in it. This being granted now follows all: we shall advise this wronged maid to go in your place. If the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense. And here, by this, is your brother sav'd, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantag'd and the corrupt deputy scal'd. The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this, as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isabella The image of it gives me content already and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke Then haste you speedily to Angelo. If for this night he entreat you to his bed give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint Luke's. There, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me.

Isabella I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father.

Exit Isabella. Enter Elbow and Officer with Pompey

- Elbow** Nay, if there be no remedy for it but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.
- Duke** O heavens, what stuff is here?
- Pompey** 'Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worsen allow'd by order of law.
- Elbow** Come your way, sir. 'Bless you, good father friar.
- Duke** And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir?
- Elbow** Marry, sir, he hath offended the law. And, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir, for we have found upon him, sir, a strange picklock which we have sent to the deputy.
- Duke** Fie, sirrah, a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done
that is thy means to live. Do thou but think
what 'tis to cram a maw or clothe a back
from such a filthy vice, say to thyself,
'from their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself and live'.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
so stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.
- Pompey** Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir. But yet, sir, I would prove there's many a friar –
- Duke** Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin
thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, Officer.
Correction and instruction must both work
ere this rude beast will profit.
- Elbow** He must before the Deputy, sir. He has given him warning.
The deputy cannot abide a whoremaster. If he be a
whoremonger and comes before him he were as good go a
mile on his errand.
- Duke** That we were all, as some would seem to be,
from our faults, as faults from seeming, free.
- Elbow** His neck will come to your waist – a cord, sir.
- Pompey** I spy comfort, I cry bail. Here's a gentleman and a friend of mine.

Enter Lucio

Lucio How now, noble Pompey – what, at the wheels of Caesar? Art thou led in triumph? What sayest thou, Trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad and few words? Or how? The trick of it?

Duke Still thus and thus, still worse!

Lucio How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?

Pompey Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio Why, 'tis good. It is the right of it, it must be so. Ever your fresh whore and your powder'd bawd, an unshunn'd consequence, it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

Pompey Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell. Go, say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? Or how?

Elbow For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio Well, then, imprison him. If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right. Bawd is he doubtless and of antiquity too. Bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the prison, Pompey. You will turn good husband now, Pompey, you will keep the house.

Pompey I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio No, indeed, will I not, Pompey. It is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage. Adieu, trusty Pompey. 'Bless you, Friar.

Duke And you.

Lucio Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha?

Elbow Come your ways, sir, come.

Pompey You will not bail me, then, sir?

Lucio Then, Pompey, nor now. What news abroad, Friar? What news?

Elbow Come your ways, sir, come.

Lucio Go to kennel, Pompey, go!

Exeunt Elbow, Pompey and Officers

What news, Friar, of the Duke?

- Duke** I know none. Can you tell me of any?
- Lucio** Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia. Other some, he is in Rome. But where is he, think you?
- Duke** I know not where. But wheresoever, I wish him well.
- Lucio** It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence. He puts transgression to 't.
- Duke** He does well in 't.
- Lucio** A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him. Something too crabb'd that way, friar.
- Duke** It is too general a vice and severity must cure it.
- Lucio** Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred. But it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down.
- Duke** You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.
- Lucio** Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man! Would the Duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport. He knew the service and that instructed him to mercy.
- Duke** I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women. He was not inclin'd that way.
- Lucio** O, sir, you are deceiv'd.
- Duke** 'Tis not possible.
- Lucio** Yes, your beggar of fifty. The Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too, that let me inform you.
- Duke** You do him wrong, surely.
- Lucio** Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the Duke. And I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.
- Duke** What, I prithee, might be the cause?
- Lucio** No, pardon. 'Tis a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips. But this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise.
- Duke** Wise? Why, no question but he was.

- Lucio** A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.
- Duke** Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking. The very stream of his life and the business he hath helm'd must upon a warranted need give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskillfully. Or if your knowledge be more it is much darken'd in your malice.
- Lucio** Sir, I know him and I love him.
- Duke** Love talks with better knowledge and knowledge with dearer love.
- Lucio** Come, sir, I know what I know.
- Duke** I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But if ever the Duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it. I am bound to call upon you and I pray you your name?
- Lucio** Sir, my name is Lucio, well known to the Duke.
- Duke** He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.
- Lucio** I fear you not.
- Duke** O, you hope the Duke will return no more. Or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But indeed I can do you little harm. You'll forswear this again.
- Lucio** I'll be hang'd first. Thou art deceiv'd in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die tomorrow or no?
- Duke** Why should he die, sir?
- Lucio** Why? For filling a bottle with a tundish. I would the Duke we talk of were return'd again. This ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with continency. Sparrows must not build in his house-eaves because they are lecherous. The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answer'd, he would never bring them to light. Would he were return'd. Marry, this Claudio is condemn'd for untrussing. Farewell, good Friar. I prithee, pray for me. The Duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays and mouth with a beggar though she smelt brown bread and garlic. Say that I said so.

Exit Lucio

- Duke** Nor might nor greatness in mortality
can censure 'scape. What king so strong
can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
- Enter Escalus, Provost and Servant with Overdone*
- Escalus** Go, away with her to prison!
- Overdone** Good my lord, be good to me. Your honour is accounted a
merciful man. Good my lord.
- Escalus** Double and treble admonition and still forfeit in the same
kind! This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant.
- Provost** A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your
honour.
- Overdone** My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me.
Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the
Duke's time. He promis'd her marriage. His child is a year
and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob. I have kept it
myself and see how he goes about to abuse me!
- Escalus** That fellow is a fellow of much licence. Let him be call'd
before us. Away with her to prison! Go to, no more words.
- Exeunt Officers with Overdone*
- Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd. Claudio
must die tomorrow. Let him be furnish'd with divines and
have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by
my pity it should not be so with him.
- Provost** So please you, this friar hath been with him and advis'd
him for the entertainment of death.
- Escalus** Good even, good Father.
- Duke** Bliss and goodness on you!
- Escalus** Of whence are you?
- Duke** Not of this country, though my chance is now
to use it for my time. I am a brother
of gracious order, late come from Rome
on special business from his Holiness.
- Escalus** What news abroad i' the world?
- Duke** None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness that the
dissolution of it must cure it. Novelty only is in request and
it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course as it is
virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. Much upon this

riddle runs the wisdom of the world. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the Duke?

Escalus One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke What pleasure was he given to?

Escalus Rather rejoicing to see another merry than merry at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice. A gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous, and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepar'd.

Duke He professes to have receiv'd no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice. Yet had he fram'd to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life which I by my good leisure have discredited to him and now is he resolv'd to die.

Escalus You have paid the heavens your function and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty, but my brother justice have I found so severe that he hath forc'd me to tell him he is indeed Justice.

Duke If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding it shall become him well. Wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenc'd himself. Peace be with you!

Exeunt Duke and Escalus severally

Scene 12 (Act4 Sc1)

The Moated Grange
Mariana within

Mariana *[Singing, off]*
*A lady did a measure dance
 And pleasure dwelt within her door
 Yet what should be her circumstance
 If to that measure add one more
 Which way will her fortune go?
 To joy or tears, to weal or woe
 The balance tilts where'er it will
 For virtue or for sudden ill
 Now all hangs on the scales' chance,*

Now all hangs on the scales' chance.

During this enter severally, Isabella and the Duke

Duke

Very well met and well come.
What is the news from this good deputy?

Isabella

He hath a garden circummur'd with brick
whose western side is with a vineyard back'd.
And to that vineyard is a planched gate
that makes his opening with this bigger key.
This other doth command a little door
which from the vineyard to the garden leads.
There have I made my promise
upon the heavy middle of the night
to call upon him.

Duke

But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isabella

I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't.
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
in action all of precept, he did show me
the way twice o'er.

Duke

Are there no other tokens
between you 'greed concerning her observance?

Isabella

No, none, but only veil'd and i' th'dark.
And that I have possess'd him my most stay
can be but brief, for I have made him know
I have a servant comes with me along
that stays upon me, whose persuasion is
I come about my brother.

Duke

'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
a word of this. What, ho, within! Come forth!

Enter Mariana

Mariana

I cry you mercy, sir, and well could wish
you found me not again so musical.
Let me excuse me and believe me so,
my mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke

'Tis good, though music oft hath such a charm
to make bad good and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, be acquainted with this maid.
She comes to do you good.

Isabella

I do desire the like.

Duke Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

Mariana Good Friar, I know you do and so have found it.

Duke Take, then, this your companion by the hand
who hath a story ready for your ear.
I shall attend your leisure. But make haste,
the vaporous night approaches.

Mariana Will't please you walk aside?

Exeunt severally

Scene 13 (Act4 Sc2)

A Room in the Prison
Enter Provost and Pompey

Provost Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

Pompey If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can. But if he be a married man, he's his wife's head and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Provost Come, sir, leave me your snatches and yield me a direct answer. Tomorrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnadine. Here is in our prison a common executioner who in his office lacks a helper. If you will take it on you to assist him it shall redeem you from your gyves. If not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

Pompey Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Provost What ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there?

Enter Abhorson

Abhorson Do you call, sir?

Provost Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you tomorrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year and let him abide here with you. If not, use him for the present and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you. He hath been a bawd.

Abhorson A bawd, sir? Fie upon him, he will discredit our mystery!

Provost Go to, sir, you weigh equally. A feather will turn the scale.

Exit Provost

Pompey Pray, sir, by your good favour, do you call your occupation a mystery?

Abhorson Ay, sir, a mystery.

Pompey Painting, sir, I have heard say is a mystery. And your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery. But what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd I cannot imagine.

Abhorson Sir, it is a mystery.

Re-enter Provost

Provost Well, are you agreed?

Pompey Sir, I will serve him. For I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd. He doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Provost You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe tomorrow eight o'clock.

Abhorson Come on, bawd, I will instruct thee in my trade. Follow.

Pompey I do desire to learn, sir. And I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare. For truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

Exeunt

Scene 14

Angelo's garden room with day-bed where Angelo awaits
Outside enter Duke, Isabella and Mariana (veiled)

Isabella Little have you to say
when you depart from him but, soft and low,
'Remember now my brother'.

Mariana Fear me not.

Duke Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.
He is your husband on a pre-contract.
To bring you thus together 'tis no sin
sith that the justice of your title to him
doth flourish the deceit. *[Giving the key]* Go, get you in.

Mariana enters the garden room. She and Angelo couple

Angelo Isabel!

Mariana rises from him

Mariana Remember now my brother.

Exit Mariana

Angelo, Duke and Isabella exeunt variously

Scene 15 (Act4 Sc2)

The Provost's Office in the Prison

The Provost and the Officer

Provost Call hither Barnadine and Claudio.

Exit Officer

The one has my pity, not a jot the other,
being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death.
'Tis now dead midnight and by eight tomorrow
thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claudio As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour
when it lies starkly in the traveller's bones.
He will not wake.

Provost Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself.

Knocking within

But, hark, what noise?
Heaven give your spirits comfort!

Exit Claudio

I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
for the most gentle Claudio.

Enter Duke

Welcome, Father.

Duke The best and wholes'mest spirits of the night
envelope you, good Provost. Who call'd here of late?

Provost None since the curfew rung.

Duke Not Isabel?

Provost No.

Duke Nor no countermand? 'Gainst Claudio's execution?

Provost None, sir, none.

Duke As near the dawning, Provost, as it is

you shall hear more ere morning.

Provost

Happily

you something know, yet I believe there comes
no countermand. No such example have we.
Besides, upon the very siege of justice
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
profess'd the contrary.
It is a bitter deputy.

Duke

Not so, not so. His life is parallel'd
even with the stroke and line of his great justice.
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
that in himself which he spurs on his power
to qualify in others. Were he meal'd with that
which he corrects then were he tyrannous.
But this being so, he's just.

Enter Angelo's Servant

This is his lordship's man.

Servant

My lord hath sent you this note and by me this further
charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it,
neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good
morrow, for as I take it it is almost day.

Provost

I shall obey him.

Exit Servant

Duke

Now, sir, what news?

Provost

[Reads] 'Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let
Claudio be executed by four of the clock and in the
afternoon Barnadine. For my better satisfaction let me have
Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly perform'd
with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet
deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it
at your peril.' What say you to this, sir?

Duke

What is that Barnadine who is to be executed in the
afternoon?

Provost

A Bohemian born, but here nurs'd up and bred. One that is
a prisoner nine years old.

Duke

Hath he born himself penitently in prison? How seems he
to be touch'd?

Provost

A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a
drunken sleep. Careless, reckless and fearless of what's
past, present or to come. Insensible of mortality and

desperately mortal.

Duke He wants advice.

Provost He will hear none. He hath evermore had the liberty of the prison. Give him leave to escape hence, he would not. Drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and show'd him a seeming warrant for it. It hath not mov'd him at all.

Duke There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy. If I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenc'd him. To make you understand this, I crave but four days' respite. For the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Provost Pray, sir, in what?

Duke In the delaying death.

Provost Alack, how may I do it? Having the hour limited and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke By the vow of mine order I warrant you. Let this Barnadine be this morning executed and his head born to Angelo.

Provost Angelo hath seen them both and will discover the favour.

Duke O, death's a great disguiser. And you may add to it – shave the head and tie the beard and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bar'd before his death. You know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess I will plead against it with my life.

Provost Pardon me, good father, it is against my oath.

Duke Were you sworn to the Duke or to the deputy?

Provost To him and to his substitutes.

Duke You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Provost But what likelihood is in that?

Duke Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the Duke. You

know the character, I doubt not, and the signet is not strange to you.

Provost

I know them both.

Duke

The contents of this is the return of the Duke. Within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not, for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor, perchance of the Duke's death, perchance entering into some monastery, but by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Call your executioner and off with Barnadine's head. I will give him a present shrift and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away, it is almost clear dawn.

Exeunt

Scene 16 (Act4 Sc3)

The same, later

Enter Pompey

Pompey

I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession. One would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers.

Enter Abhorson

Abhorson

Sirrah, bring Barnadine hither.

Pompey

Master Barnadine! You must rise and be hang'd, Master Barnadine!

Abhorson

What ho, Barnadine!

Barnadine

[Within] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Pompey

Your friends, sir, the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnadine

[Within] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

Abhorson

Tell him he must awake and that quickly too.

Pompey

Pray, Master Barnadine, awake till you are executed and sleep afterwards.

Abhorson

Go in to him and fetch him out.

Pompey

He is coming, sir, he is coming. I hear his straw rustle.

Abhorson

Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Pompey Very ready, sir.

Enter Barnadine

Barnadine How now, Abhorson? What's the news with you?

Abhorson Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers. For, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnadine You rogue, I have been drinking all night. I am not fitted for 't.

Pompey O, the better, sir. For he that drinks all night and is hang'd betimes in the morning may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Abhorson Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father. Do we jest now, think you?

Enter Duke

Duke Sir, induc'd by my charity and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you and pray with you.

Barnadine Friar, not I. I have been drinking hard all night and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke O, sir, you must. And therefore I beseech you look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnadine I swear I will not die today for any man's persuasion.

Duke But hear you –

Enter Provost

Barnadine Not a word. If you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward, for thence will not I today.

Exit

Duke Unfit to live or die. O gravel heart!

Provost After him, fellows. Bring him to the block.

Exeunt Abhorson and Pompey

Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death and to transport him in the mind he is were damnable.

Provost Here in the prison, Father, there died this morning of a cruel fever

one Ragozine, a most notorious pirate.
A man of Claudio's years, his beard and head
just of his colour. What if we do relieve
this reprobate till he were well inclin'd
and satisfy the Deputy with the visage
of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke O, 'tis an accident that Heaven provides!
Dispatch it presently. The hour draws on
prefix'd by Angelo. See this be done
and sent according to command, whiles I
persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Provost I am your free dependant.

Exit Provost

Duke This falls out well. My officers I'll desire
to meet me at the consecrated fount,
a league below the city. And from thence,
by cold gradation and well-balanc'd form,
we shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost

Provost Here is the head. I'll carry it myself.

Duke Convenient is it. Make a swift return,
for I would commune with you of such things
that want no ear but yours.

Provost I'll make all speed.

Isabella *[Within]* Peace, ho, be here!

Duke The tongue of Isabel. She's come to know
if yet her brother's pardon be come hither.

Exit Provost

But I will keep her ignorant of her good
to make her heavenly comforts of despair
when it is least expected.

Enter Isabella

Duke Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isabella The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world.
His head is off and sent to Angelo.

Isabella Nay, but it is not so.

Duke It is no other. Show your wisdom, daughter,

in your close patience.

Isabella O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes!

Duke You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isabella Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!

Duke This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot.
Forbear it therefore. Give your cause to Heaven.
Mark what I say, which you shall find
by every syllable a faithful verity.
The Duke comes home tomorrow – nay, dry your eyes –
one of our convent and his confessor,
gives me this instance. Already he hath carried
notice to Escalus and Angelo
who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
there to give up their power. Only pace your wisdom
in that good path that I would wish it go
and you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
and general honour.

Isabella I am directed by you.

Duke This letter, then, to Friar Thomas give.
Say, by this token, I desire his company
at Mariana's house tonight. 'Tis he shall bring you
before the Duke and to the head of Angelo
accuse him home and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow and shall be absent.
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
with a light heart. Trust not my holy order
if I pervert your course.

Enter Lucio

Lucio Good even.

Friar, where's the provost?

Duke Not within, sir.

Lucio O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes
so red. Thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with
water and bran. I dare not for my head fill my belly. One
fruitful meal would set me to 't. But they say the Duke will
be here tomorrow. By my troth, Isabel, I lov'd thy brother.
If the old fantastical Duke of dark corners had been at
home, he had liv'd.

Exit Isabella

- Duke** Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports, but the best is he lives not in them.
- Lucio** Friar, thou know'st not the Duke so well as I do. He's a better woodman than thou tak'st him for.
- Duke** Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.
- Lucio** Nay, tarry, I'll go along with thee. I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.
- Duke** You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true. If not true, none were enough.
- Lucio** I was once before him for getting a wench with child.
- Duke** Did you such a thing?
- Lucio** Yes, marry did I, but I was fain to forswear it. They would else have married me to the rotten medlar.
- Duke** Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.
- Lucio** By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end. If bawdy talk offend you we'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick.

Exeunt

Scene 17 (Act4 Sc4)

A room in Angelo's house
Angelo and Escalus

- Escalus** Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd other.
- Angelo** In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness. Pray heaven his wisdom be not tainted. And why meet him at the gates and redeliver our authorities there?
- Escalus** I guess not.
- Angelo** And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice they should exhibit their petitions in the street?
- Escalus** He shows his reason for that. To have a dispatch of complaints and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.
- Angelo** Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd betimes i' the

morn. I'll call you at your house. Give notice to such men of sort and suit as are to meet him.

Escalus I shall, sir. Fare you well.

Exit Escalus

Angelo This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant and dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid, and by an eminent body that enforc'd the law against it! But that her tender shame will not proclaim against her maiden loss how might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no, for my authority bears so credent bulk that no particular scandal once can touch but it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd, save that riotous youth with dangerous sense might in the times to come have ta'en revenge by so receiving a dishonour'd life with ransom of such shame. Would yet he had liv'd! Alack, when once our grace we have forgot nothing goes right. We would and we would not.

Exit

Scene 18 (Act4 Sc6/Act5 Sc1)

Near the City Gate

A trumpet sounds. Enter Isabella and Mariana

Isabella To speak so indirectly I am loathe.
I would speak truth, but to accuse him so,
that is your part. Yet I am advis'd to do it,
he says, to veil full purpose.

Mariana Be rul'd by him.

Isabella Besides, he tells me that, if peradventure
Friar Thomas speak against me,
I should not think it strange, for 'tis a physic
that's bitter to sweet end.

*A second trumpet sounds. Enter Friar Thomas, followed by
Lucio, Provost and others, severally*

Mariana O, peace! The Friar is come.

Friar Come, here is a stand most fit
where you may have such vantage on the Duke
he shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded.

The generous and gravest citizens
are hent the gates and very near upon
the Duke is entering.

Enter the Duke aside, meeting Angelo and Escalus

Duke My very worthy cousin, fairly met.
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang & Esc. Happy return be to your royal grace!

Duke Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you and we hear
such goodness of your justice that our soul
cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
forerunning more requital.

Angelo You make my bonds still greater.

Duke O, but your desert speaks loud and I should wrong it
to lock it in the wards of covert bosom
when it deserves, with characters of brass,
a fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time
and razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
and let the subject see, to make them know
that outward courtesies would fain proclaim
favours that keep within. Come, Escalus,
you must walk by us on our other hand
and good supporters are you.

*A third trumpet sounds. The Duke, Angelo and
Escalus come forward*

Friar Now is your time. Speak loud and kneel before him.

Isabella Justice, O royal Duke! Vail your regard
upon a wrong'd – I would fain have said, a maid.
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
by throwing it on any other object
till you have heard me in my true complaint
and given me justice! Justice, justice, justice!

Duke Relate your wrongs. In what? By whom? Be brief.
Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice.
Reveal yourself to him.

Isabella O worthy Duke,
you bid me seek redemption of the devil.
Hear me yourself. For that which I must speak
must either punish me, not being believ'd,

or wring redress from you. Hear me, O hear me, hear!

Angelo My lord, her wits I fear me are not firm.
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
cut off by course of justice –

Isabella By course of justice!

Angelo And she will speak most bitterly and strange.

Isabella Most strange, but yet most truly will I speak.
That Angelo's forsworn, is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer, is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
an hypocrite, a virgin-violator,
is it not strange and strange?

Duke Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isabella It is not truer he is Angelo
than this is all as true as it is strange.
Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth
to the end of reckoning.

Duke Away with her, poor soul,
she speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isabella O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
there is another comfort than this world,
that thou neglect me not with that opinion
that I am touch'd with madness. Make not impossible
that which but seems unlike. 'Tis not impossible
but one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
may seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute
as Angelo. Even so may Angelo
in all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
be an arch-villain. Believe it, royal prince,
if he be less he's nothing. But he's more,
had I more name for badness.

Duke By mine honesty,
If she be mad – as I believe no other –
her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
such a dependency of thing on thing
as e'er I heard in madness.

Isabella O gracious Duke,
harp not on that, nor do not banish reason
for inequality, but let your reason serve

to make the truth appear where it seems hid
and hide the false seems true.

Duke Many that are not mad
have, sure, more lack of reason. What would you say?

Isabella I am the sister of one Claudio,
condemn'd upon the act of fornication
to lose his head. Condemn'd by Angelo.
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
was sent to by my brother – one Lucio
as then the messenger –

Lucio That's I, an't like your Grace.
I came to her from Claudio and desir'd her
to try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo
for her poor brother's pardon.

Isabella That's he indeed.

Duke You were not bid to speak.

Lucio No, my good lord.
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke I wish you now, then.
Pray you, take note of it and when you have
a business for yourself pray Heaven you then
be perfect.

Lucio I warrant your honour.

Duke The warrants for yourself. Take heed to't.

Isabella This gentleman told somewhat of my tale –

Lucio Right.

Duke It may be right, but you are i' the wrong
to speak before your time. Proceed.

Isabella I went
to this pernicious caitiff deputy –

Duke That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isabella Pardon it,
the phrase is to the matter.

Duke Mended again. The matter, proceed.

Isabella In brief, to set the needless process by,
how I persuaded, how I pray'd and kneel'd,
how he refell'd me and how I replied –

for this was of much length – the vile conclusion
 I now begin with grief and shame to utter.
 He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
 to his concupiscible intemperate lust,
 release my brother. And after much debatement
 my sisterly remorse confutes mine honour
 and I did yield to him. But the next morn betimes,
 his purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
 for my poor brother's head.

Duke This is most likely!

Isabella O, that it were as like as it is true!

Duke By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what thou speak'st,
 or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
 in hateful practice. First, his integrity
 stands without blemish. Next, it imports no reason
 that with such vehemency he should pursue
 faults proper to himself. If he had so offended,
 he would have weigh'd thy brother by himself
 and not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on.
 Confess the truth and say by whose advice
 thou cam'st here to complain.

Isabella And is this all?

Then, O you blessed ministers above,
 keep me in patience and with ripen'd time
 unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
 in countenance. Heaven shield your Grace from woe,
 as I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go.

Duke I know you'd fain be gone. An officer
 to prison with her! Shall we thus permit
 A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
 on him so near us? This needs must be a practice.
 Who knew of your intent and coming hither?

Isabella One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.

Duke A ghostly father, belike. Who knows that Lodowick?

Lucio My lord, I know him. 'Tis a meddling friar.
 I do not like the man. Had he been lay, my lord,
 for certain words he spake against your Grace
 in your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke Words against me? This is a good friar, belike!
 And to set on this wretched woman here

- against our substitute! Let this friar be found.
- Lucio** But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,
I saw them at the prison. A saucy friar,
a very scurvy fellow.
- Friar** My Lord, I know him for a man divine and holy,
not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler
as he's reported by this gentleman.
- Duke** Bring him before me.
- Friar** At this instant Lodowick is sick my lord,
of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,
being come to knowledge that there was complaint
intended 'gainst Lord Angelo, came I hither
to speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
is true and false. First, for this woman:
to justify this worthy nobleman,
so vulgarly and personally accus'd,
her shall you hear disproved to her eyes
till she herself confess it.
- Duke** Good friar, let's hear it.
Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?
O Heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!
Give us some seats. Come, cousin Angelo.
In this I'll be impartial. Be you judge
of your own cause. Is this the witness, Friar?
First, let her show her face and after speak.
- Mariana** Pardon, my lord, I will not show my face
until my husband bid me.
- Duke** What, are you married?
- Mariana** No, my lord.
- Duke** Are you a maid?
- Mariana** No, my lord.
- Duke** A widow, then?
- Mariana** Neither, my lord.
- Duke** Why, you are nothing then. Neither maid, widow, nor wife.
- Lucio** My lord, she may be a punk. For many of them are neither
maid, widow, nor wife.
- Duke** Silence that fellow. I would he had some cause to prattle

for himself.

Lucio Well, my lord.

Mariana My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married
and I confess besides I am no maid.
I have known my husband, yet my husband
knows not that ever he knew me.

Lucio He was drunk then, my lord, it can be no better.

Duke For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too!

Lucio Well, my lord.

Duke This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

Mariana Now I come to't my lord.
She that accuses him of fornication
in self-same manner doth accuse my husband
and charges him, my lord, with such a time
when I'll depose I had him in mine arms
with all the effect of love.

Angelo Charges she more than me?

Mariana Not that I know.

Duke No? You say your husband.

Mariana Why just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body
but knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.

Angelo This is a strange abuse. Let's see thy face.

Mariana My husband bids me. Now I will unmask.
[Unveiling] This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on.
This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,
was fast belock'd in thine. This is the body
that took away the match from Isabel
and did supply thee at thy garden-house
in her imagin'd person.

Duke Know you this woman?

Lucio Carnally, she says.

Duke Sirrah, no more!

Lucio Enough, my lord.

Angelo My lord, I must confess I know this woman

and five years since there was some speech of marriage
betwixt myself and her which was broke off,
partly for that her promis'd proportions
came short of composition, but in chief
for that her reputation was disvalu'd
in levity. Since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
upon my faith and honour.

Mariana

Noble prince,
as there comes light from heaven and words from breath,
as there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife as strongly
as words could make up vows. And, my good lord,
but Tuesday night last gone in's garden-house
he knew me as a wife.

Angelo

I did but smile till now.
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice,
my patience here is touch'd. I do perceive
these poor informal women are no more
but instruments of some more mightier member
that sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,
to find this practice out.

Duke

Ay, with my heart
and punish them to your height of pleasure.
Thou foolish Friar, and thou pernicious woman,
compact with her before, think'st thou thy oaths,
though they would swear down each particular saint,
were testimonies against his worth and credit
that's seal'd in approbation? You, Lord Escalus,
sit with my cousin. Lend him your kind pains
to find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.
There is another friar that set them on.
Provost, fetch him hither.

Exit Provost

And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
do with your injuries as seems you best
in any chastisement. I for a while will leave you.
But stir not you till you have well determin'd
upon these slanderers.

Escalus

My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.

Exit Duke

Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio 'Cucullus non facit monachum' – honest in nothing but in his clothes. And one that hath spoke most villainous speeches of the Duke.

Escalus We shall entreat you to abide here till he come and enforce them against him. We shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escalus Call that same Isabel. I would speak with her. Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question. You shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio Not better than he, by her own report.

Escalus Say you?

Lucio Marry, sir, I think if you handl'd her privately she would sooner confess. Perchance, publicly, she'll be asham'd.

Escalus I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio That's the way, for women are light at midnight.

Escalus Come on, mistress. Here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Enter Provost with Duke, hooded as friar

Lucio My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of. Here with the Provost.

Escalus In very good time. Speak not you to him till we call upon you.

Lucio Mum.

Escalus Come, sir. Did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? They have confess'd you did.

Duke 'Tis false.

Escalus How? Know you where you are?

Duke Respect to your great place – and let the devil be sometime honour'd for his burning throne. Where is the Duke? 'Tis he should hear me speak.

Escalus The Duke's in us, and we will hear you speak. Look you speak justly.

Duke Boldly, at least. But, O, poor souls,

come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
 Good night to your redress. Is the Duke gone?
 Then is your cause gone too. The Duke's unjust,
 thus to retort your manifest appeal
 and put your trial in the villain's mouth
 which here you come to accuse.

Lucio This is the rascal. This is he I spoke of.

Escalus Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd Friar,
 is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women
 t'accuse this worthy man, but in foul mouth
 and in the witness of his proper ear
 to call him villain? And then to glance from him
 to the Duke himself, to tax him with injustice?
 Take him hence, to the rack with him! We'll touse you
 joint by joint, but we will know his purpose.
 What, 'unjust'?

Duke Be not so hot. The Duke
 dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he
 dare rack his own. His subject am I not,
 nor here provincial. My business in this state
 made me a looker-on here in Vienna
 where I have seen corruption boil and bubble
 till it o'er-run the stew –

Escalus Slander to the state! Away with him to prison!

Angelo What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio?
 Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman baldpate. Do you
 know me?

Duke I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice. I met you
 at the prison in the absence of the Duke.

Lucio O, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the
 Duke?

Duke Most notably, sir.

Lucio Do you so, sir? And was the Duke a fleshmonger, a fool,
 and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke You must, sir, change persons with me ere you make that
 my report. You, indeed, spoke so of him and much more,
 much worse.

- Lucio** O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?
- Duke** I protest I love the Duke as I love myself.
- Angelo** Hark, how the villain would close now after his treasonable abuses!
- Escalus** Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal. Where is the Provost? Away with him to prison. Lay bolts enough upon him, let him speak no more. Away with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companion!
- Duke** *[To Provost]* Stay, sir. Stay awhile.
- Angelo** What, resists he? Help him, Lucio.
- Lucio** Come, sir! Come, sir! Come, sir! Foh, sir! Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal, you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! Show your sheep-biting face and be hang'd an hour! Will't not off?
- He pulls off the Friar's hood and discovers the Duke*
- Duke** Thou art the first knave that e'er mad'st a Duke. First, Provost, let me bail these gentle three. *[To Lucio]* Sneak not away, sir, for the Friar and you must have a word anon. Lay hold on him.
- Lucio** *[Aside]* This may prove worse than hanging.
- Duke** *[To Escalus]* What you have spoke I pardon. Sit you down. We'll borrow place of him. *[To Angelo]* Sir, by your leave. Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence that yet can do thee office?
- Angelo** O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness
to think I can be undiscernible
when I perceive your Grace, like power divine,
hath look'd upon my passes. Then, good prince,
no longer session hold upon my shame
but let my trial be mine own confession.
Immediate sentence then and sequent death
is all the grace I beg.
- Duke** Come hither, Mariana.
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?
- Angelo** I was, my lord.
- Duke** Go, take her hence and marry her instantly.

Do you the office, Friar, which consummate
return him here again. Go with him, Provost.

Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Friar and Provost

Escalus My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour
than at the strangeness of it.

Duke Come hither, Isabel.
Your Friar is now your prince. As I was then,
advertising and holy to your business,
not changing heart with habit, I am still
attorney'd at your service.

Isabella O, give me pardon,
that I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
your unknown sovereignty.

Duke You are pardon'd, Isabel.
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart
and you may marvel why I obscur'd myself,
lab'ring to save his life, and would not rather
make rash remonstrance of my hidden power
than let him so be lost. O most kind maid,
it was the swift celerity of his death
which I did think with slower foot came on
that brain'd my purpose. But, peace be with him.
That life is better life, past fearing death,
than that which lives to fear. Make it your comfort,
so happy is your brother.

Isabella I do, my lord.

Re-enter Angelo, Mariana, Friar and Provost

Duke For this new-married man approaching here,
whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
your well defended honour, you must pardon
for Mariana's sake. But as he adjudg'd your brother
the very mercy of the law cries out
most audible, even from his proper tongue,
'An Angelo for a Claudio, death for death.
Haste still pays haste and leisure answers leisure.
Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure.'

Enter Abhorson and Pompey, as executioners

Angelo, we do condemn thee to the very block

where Claudio stoop'd to death and with like haste.
Away with him.

Mariana O my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

Duke It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour
I thought your marriage fit, else imputation,
for that he knew you, might reproach your life
and choke your good to come. For his possessions,
although by confiscation they are ours,
we do instate and widow you withal
to buy you a better husband.

Mariana O my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke Never crave him, we are definitive.

Mariana Gentle my liege –

Duke You do but lose your labour.
Away with him to death. *[To Lucio]* Now, sir, to you.

Mariana O my good lord! – Sweet Isabel, take my part.
Lend me your knees and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

Duke Against all sense you do importune her.
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact
her brother's ghost his paved bed would break
and take her hence in horror.

Mariana Isabel,
sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me.
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.
They say best men are moulded out of faults
and, for the most, become much more the better
for being a little bad. So may my husband.
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?

Duke He dies for Claudio's death.

Isabella *[Kneeling]* Most bounteous sir,
look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd
as if my brother liv'd. I partly think
a due sincerity govern'd his deeds
till he did look on me. Since it is so,
let him not die. My brother had but justice

in that he did the thing for which he died.
 For Angelo,
 his act did not o’ertake his bad intent
 and must be buried but as an intent
 that perish’d by the way. Thoughts are no subjects,
 intents but merely thoughts.

Mariana Merely, my lord.

Duke Your suit’s unprofitable. Stand up, I say.
 I have bethought me of another fault.
 Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
 at an unusual hour?

Provost It was commanded so.

Duke Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Provost No, my good lord, it was by private message.

Duke For which I do discharge you of your office.
 Give up your keys.

Provost Pardon me, noble lord.
 I thought it was a fault, but knew it not.
 Yet did repent me after more advice
 For testimony whereof, one in the prison
 that should by private order else have died
 I have reserv’d alive.

Duke What’s he?

Provost His name is Barnadine.

Duke I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.
 Go fetch him hither. Let me look upon him.

Exit Provost

Escalus I am sorry one so learned and so wise
 as you, Lord Angelo, have still appear’d,
 should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood
 and lack of temper’d judgment afterward.

Angelo I am sorry that such sorrow I procure
 and so deep sticks it in my penitent heart
 that I crave death more willingly than mercy.
 ’Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

*Re-enter Provost, with Barnadine and Claudio both
 muffled for execution*

Duke Which is that Barnadine?

Provost*[Unmuffling him]* This, my lord.**Duke**

There was a Friar told me of this man.
 Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul
 that apprehends no further than this world
 and squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt condemn'd,
 but for those earthly faults I quit them all
 and pray thee take this mercy to provide
 for better times to come. Friar, advise him,
 I leave him to your hand. What muffl'd fellow's that?

Provost

This is another prisoner that I sav'd
 who should have died when Claudio lost his head,
 as like almost to Claudio as himself.

*Unmuffles Claudio***Duke**

[To Isabella.] If he be like your brother, for his sake
 is he pardon'd. And, for your lovely sake,
 give me your hand and say you will be mine,
 he is my brother too. But fitter time for that.
 By this, Lord Angelo perceives he's safe.
 Methinks I see a quickening in his eye.
 Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well.
 Look that you love your wife, her worth worth yours.
 I find an apt remission in myself
 and yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.
[To Lucio] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,
 one all of luxury, an ass, a madman.
 Wherein have I so deserv'd of you,
 that you extol me thus?

Lucio

'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick. If you
 will hang me for it, you may, but I had rather it would
 please you I might be whipp'd.

Duke

Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.
 Proclaim it, Provost, round about the city.
 If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
 as I have heard him swear himself there's one
 whom he begot with child, let her appear
 and he shall marry her. The nuptial finish'd,
 let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

Lucio

I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore.
 Your highness said even now I made you a Duke. Good my
 lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

Duke Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
 Thy slanders I forgive and therewithal
 remit thy other forfeits. Take him to prison
 and see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping,
 and hanging.

Duke Slandering a prince deserves it.

Exit Officers with Lucio

She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.
 Joy to you, Mariana! Love her, Angelo.
 I have confess'd her and I know her virtue.
 Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness.
 There's more behind that is more grate. . .
 Thanks, Provost, for thy care and secrecy.
 We shall employ thee in a worthier place.
 Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
 the head of Ragozine for Claudio's.
 The offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel,
 I have a motion much imports your good,
 whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
 what's mine is yours and what is yours is mine.

End